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JOHN'S EMMY.

A Vaudeville Sketch.

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

JOHNS' EMMY

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

By CHARLES STUART

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
PUBLISHERS

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JOHNS' EMMY.

CHARACTERS.

PROFESSOR JOHNS . . . . . *An eccentric old book-worm.*
EMILY SUMMER . . . . . *A flighty young miss.*

TIME OF PRESENTATION.—Twenty minutes.

COSTUMES.

PROF. JOHNS Age about 65; gray wig with bald pate; carpet slippers, white socks, light trousers very large and baggy, old-fashioned fancy vest very loud, Prince Albert coat, Henry Clay collar, loud tie, glasses, etc.

EMILY. Light summer costume with hat and parasol to match. Carries dress-suit case on first entrance.

PROPERTIES.

Dress-suit case for EMILY. Two letters for PROF. JOHNS, one on table, the other he reads at opening of Act; a number of different colored handkerchiefs one in each pocket which he uses all through the Act to wipe his face. Large splinter of wood painted red. Pipe for EMILY.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means the right-hand; L., the left-hand; C. the centre of the stage. UP toward the rear; DOWN, toward the foot-lights; C. D. door in centre of flat.

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JOHNS' EMMY.

SCENE.—*Parlor in* PROF. JOHNS' *house. Door in centre of rear flat. Window in* L. *of flat. Table down* L. *with chair at* R, *of it, and another chair down* L. *of it. Sofa down* R. *Pipe, tobacco, matches, picture album, on table. Newspaper on back of sofa.* DISCOVERED, JOHNS *at table, open letter in hand.*

JOHNS. So, poor George is dying. Indeed he may have already passed away (*Looks at letter*), for this letter was written nearly a month ago (*Reads*)

My Dear Johns:

"I have had another attack of heart trouble, a few days more will end my story and I would be glad to be at rest were it not for my daughter Emmy; she is exceedingly shy, but worse still I am leaving her almost a beggar. My strength fails and I must cease writing. I leave my Emmy as a legacy to you. Make her your Emmy and I die happy.

Affectionately yours

George Norton."

(*Disgusted*) Well; if that isn't just like George, he could always shift his burdens to another's shoulders and live happy, (*pause*) and now he has shifted them to mine (*pause*) so he can die happy. (*Looks at letter again, and reads*) "Exceedingly shy." (*Rises*) Bah; I'd as soon think she is a regular Amazon. (*Begins to trot across stage right and left, with the open letter still in his hands, and working himself into a passion, wiping his face with the many colored handkerchiefs he has in his different pockets.*) I presume she is one of the kind that cries at her shadow.

EMILY (*enters with dress-suit case which she drops on seeing* JOHNS, *leaving it blocking the door, begins to trot up and down behind* JOHNS *unseen by him.*)

JOHNS (*still trotting and wiping face*). Like as not she faints and has some one trotting at her heels with smelling salts. Probably I shall be called upon to cut her corset strings. (*Stops and turns a little toward* L.) Heavens! I hate that sort of a woman, I simply won't have her in my (*turns and runs into* EMILY) Ho-Ho-Home.

EMILY (*steps back a pace or two*). I beg your pardon, but am I addressing MR. JOHNS?

JOHNS. Yes. I am MR. JOHNS.

EMILY. And I am EMILY.

JOHNS (*surprised*). You—You Emmy! You astonish me. I only just got the letter from your—(*pause*)—that is I only just got the letter. (*Puts letter in his pocket.*)

EMILY (*holding out both hands to him*). Well! I do hope I am not so very unwelcome.

JOHNS (*with sarcasm*). Unwelcome! Oh, certainly not; just make yourself at home until—(*pause*) well, until I can make suitable arrangements for your future. I presume you have a trunk—or something?

EMILY (*surprised*). A trunk? There are—(*Counting on her fingers close up under his nose*) four trunks, two grips, one suit-case, a bike, a bull-dog, an Angora cat, and a poll parrot.

JOHNS (*puts both hands on his knees and begins gradually to sink down as she mentions each thing, until he almost touches the floor*). Is that all?

EMILY (*mocking him*). Yes. That's all.

JOHNS (*backs away from her toward* C. D.) Excuse me, I'll have the man take all of them upstairs to your room. (*Falls over suit-case where she has left it, then picks himself up.* EMILY (*laughs and points finger at him*).

JOHNS (*rising*). That's right, laugh. *Laugh* just like a fool woman! EXIT C. D. with suit-case in hand.

EMILY (*removes hat, gloves, etc., goes* R. *to sofa and sits*). Well; if he isn't peculiar I wouldn't say so. My guardian must have written after all. I didn't believe him when he said so, he is such a miserable joker, and he told me so many different stories. (*Pause*) Let me see, what was that fossil saying when I came in? "The kind of a girl that cries at her shadow; faints and is in need of Smelling Salts." (*Jumps up*). I know very well what that teasing old guardian of mine has done, he has given this man to believe that I am very quiet and demure and that he'll never know I am in his house. (*Determined*). Won't he though? I'll begin this very day to let MR. JOHNS see that I intend to enjoy myself every minute of every day during my entire forced vacation. (*Starts up alarmed*) Gracious; I hear him coming. (*Looks about*) What shall I do for a starter. (*Sees pipe on table*). I know, I'll smoke his pipe. (*Goes to table, fills pipe, jumps up on table, lights pipe, takes a puff or two and between puffs begins to whistle, then picks up album and begins to look through it sitting on table facing front, feet swing back and forth*).

JOHNS. I thought I heard someone whistle. (*Sees her, goes* R. *excited*). Good heavens! she hits the pipe?

EMILY (*unconcerned*). Yes, I am an habitual smoker and there are few gentlemen who can whistle as well as I can.

JOHNS (*Shocked*). Indeed? (*Pause*) You arrived a little sooner than I expected, and I had to give the necessary directions about your room, but I beg that you make yourself at home.

EMILY. Oh, I am sure I shall be very much at home. (*Looks in album*). Who is this funny-looking thing with a goatee?

JOHNS (*indignant*). Thing with a goatee? That is a photo of myself.

EMILY (*demurely*). You don't know which one I am looking at.

JOHNS (*still angry*). There is but one goat with a goatee. No! No! I mean there is but one with a goatee.

EMILY. Well! I must say he has grown much better looking as he has grown older.

JOHNS (*disgusted*). Oh Pshaw! (*Grabs paper off back of sofa*). I presume *I* may read *my* paper and *smoke my pipe* as usual?

EMILY. Please do everything as usual, that is what I intend to do.

JOHNS (*sits on sofa*). Well!

EMILY (*jumps off tabls and crosses over to him*). Why should either one of us interfere with the comfort or pleasure of the other? (*With apparent surprise*) Oh, I am smoking your pipe (*jabs it into his mouth*). Well, here it is. (*Roams about room a little looking at pictures, etc., then begins to hum a song ending on high C*).

(JOHNS *tries to read and pretends not to notice her, but is very much put out, and keeps looking over his paper at her.*)

EMILY (*crosses to him*). Did you ever take vocal lessons, Mr. Johns?

JOHNS (*jumps up, drops pipe, crumples up paper*). No! I am thankful to say I never did.

EMILY. Well, let me give you a sample of my latest songs.

JOHNS. If your whistling was a sample, you had better put it in one of those four sample trunks and take it away with you.

EMILY. I can't, they are all full so I must let it out.,

(*Introduce pretty song, followed by a dance. During the song* JOHNS *pays litlle or no attention, but as soon as dance begins, commences to show interest, peeks over paper, keeps time with his feet, keeps crossing and re-crossing his legs, etc.; at finish of dance, sits on edge of sofa with the paper held so that the dancer can kick the paper out of his hands, at the same time he can slide off sofa to the floor.*)

EMILY (*at end of dance*), There, how did you like that?

JOHNS (*shocked*). Under the circumstances I consider it simply awful,

EMILY. Well, I must admit that I could have done better in tights.

JOHNS (*aghast*). In tights!

EMILY. Huh! Huh! this costume does not allow of high kicking.

JOHNS. High kicking!

EMILY, Yes, I can kick higher than my head.

JOHNS (*shocked*). If *I* were *you* I would keep that information to myself, I can't imagine how a girl having such a father as yours was, can show such levity and *so soon*.

EMILY (*aside*). Now I wonder what he knows about my father and what does he mean by *SO SOON* (*to* JOHNS). Do you characterize dancing as levity? It is almost religion to me, I always dance when I have much to be thankful for and I am very thankful now, the circumstances that combined to bring me here could have only had my immediate happiness in view.

JOHNS (*shocked*). The circumstances that combined to bring her here. Her immediate happiness, and her father's death brought her here—She must be a little bit off the top.

EMILY (*with much spirit*). I know that song; I'll sing it for you (*begins to sing "A Little Bit Off The Top For Me."*)

JOHNS. Please don't sing any more, I've had quite enough of that.

EMILY (*grabs up chair*). Well then let me teach you to dance.

JOHNS. Thanks, I have something better to do, besides I don't approve of you at all.

EMILY. Very well, I'll dance with this chair then (*begins to dance with chair a second or so, suddenly drops chair and screams holding index finger of right hand with left.*

JOHNS (*much excited.* Why! why! what's the matter? are you going to sing again?

EMILY. No, I've run a splinter under my finger nail.

JOHNS. Well, let me pull it out.

EMILY. No, you'll hurt me.

JOHNS (*goes to her*). It's got to come out, you know, hold still, I won't kill you.

EMILY. No! No! No! You'll hurt me.

JOHNS (*business of pulling out splinter, holds up large red splinter, then lets drop to the floor wtth a bang*). There now, it's out (*to* EMILY). I didn't hurt you so very much, did I?

EMILY. No, but I was afraid you would (*looking at finger*) and oh! it's bl-bl-bl-bleeding!

JOHNS. Well, let me wrap it up, are you afraid of a little bl-bl-blood (*business of wrapping up finger, using first one and then*

another of the many handkerchiefs he has, making a big wad of her hand). There now, it's all right. Let me lead you to the sofa, you'll be more comfortable there (*crosses to sofa* EMILY *sits, hand still wrapped up*). My child, I may as well tell you now I am thinking of sending you to some good school?

EMILY (*surprised*). To some good school.

JOHNS. Yes, I see many faults in you that might be corrected, and I may as well admit that I don't know what the devil to do with you.

EMILY. But I graduated from Vassar two years ago. How old do you think I am?

JOHNS (*goes up to her, puts on glasses and examines her closely*), Well, you are over seven, but you can't be more than seventeen, for George——

EMILY (*rises, indignant*). I don't care anything about George. I am twenty-eight years old and could teach at a boarding school to-morrow if I wanted to. You needn't worry about me the least little bit (*backs him across stage from* R. *to* L., *he retires at each step until he sinks in chair at table*). I'll leave your antique and mouldy old mansion at once, you are a nasty—mean—crabbed—eccentric old man (*stamps her foot*). So there! (*goes* R. *and begins to put hat and coat*).

JOHNS (*aside*). Whew! How that girl lies. If she decides to go ought I try to stop her? I'd rather she would go, but——her father trusted me, and I really believe I like her just a little (*rises and goes up stage. To* EMILY). Won't you listen to me a moment?

EMILY. You are nice when you speak like that. What do you want of me?

JOHNS (*takes her by the arm and leads her toward sofa*), I want you to try to understand me. You see I have never been a mother. No! No! I mean I have never been a father and I don't really know what a very nice girl would be likely to do, but you astonish me.

EMILY. I meant to astonish you. I behaved as badly as I possibly could.

JOHNS. But why? I don't understand.

EMILY. Well, you see I had been told you were very precise, your appearance confirmed it, and I didn't want to begin as though it was a crime to smile.

JOHNS. But to whistle, dance and sing before your poor father has been in his grave a month.

EMILY. My father! What do you know of him? Who says he is dead?

JOHNS. Why, I have a letter from him in which he says he is dead. No, I mean dying.

EMILY. You said dying (*claps hands*), perhaps then he *is* dead.

JOHNS (*gets table between them*). You speak as though you would be glad to hear of his death.

EMILY. I should be glad to hear of his death.

JOHNS. What!

EMILY. I have not seen him since the night he deserted my dying mother.

JOHNS. Is it possible you are telling me the truth about my old friend George Norton?

EMILY. George Norton, I don't know him. I am speaking of my father, Theo. Sumner.

JOHNS. And are you not George Norton's little girl Emmy. Didn't he send you here? (*crosses to her and shows letter*). Didn't he send me this letter?

EMILY. Oh, no, no! I see it all now, and it's such a funny mistake (*laughs*), it's simply killing.

JOHNS (*goes* L.). Ha! Ha! Ha! It's very funny, I really wish I knew what you are laughing at.

EMILY. That letter was not written to announce *my* arrival. There should have been another. You are evidently to have two (*holds up two fingers indicating*) girls on your hands.

JOHNS (*at left of table, sinks into chair*). Two girls. Twins! Good heavens! I hope not (*throws arms over table and discovers letter he has forgotten*). Another letter, why, so there is (*picks up letter from table and opens it*). Oh, I see you are Henry Gould's ward?

EMILY. You should have seen that long ago.

JOHNS (*still holding letter and looking at same*). And he took you away from a drunken father?

EMILY. I have already said as much.

JOHNS. You had some little property left to you?

EMILY. Which my guardian was afraid would cause my father to search for me.

JOHNS. But you are of age?

EMILY. Not quite.

JOHNS. Why, you said you were twenty-eight?

EMILY. Well, you see I fibbed. That boarding-school scheme drove me to it.

JOHNS (*puts on glasses and looks at her very severely*). And are you sorry?

EMILY. Oh, very. I am really a very unobjectionable young person when you let me have my own way.

JOHNS (*aside*). Like most women (*to* EMILY). Yes, I see differently now. When I thought your poor father had only been dead a month and yet you could whistle, dance and sing, I——

EMILY (*imitates putting on glasses and looking severe*). You didn't approve of me at all, and hadn't the least idea what could make such a person even fairly respectful.

JOHNS. Oh—I didn't say that!

EMILY. Well, might as well; you said everything else. I was never so insulted in all my life.

JOHNS (*stands in front of her, feet well apart*). I sincerely ask your pardon, but then you must admit——

EMILY. Oh, I'll pardon you and I'll admit anything, if you will only promise to let me have a good time this summer.

JOHNS. That's easy' I'll help you have a good time. Do you know I have never had much time to have a good time?

EMILY (*takes him by the lapels of his coat and begins to rock him backwards and forwards*). My dear guardian says you study too much. What you need is someone to teach you to dance. I'll do it, I'd love to, and I am an excellent teacher.

JOHNS. Well why not teach me to sing also?

EMILY. All right, let's try (*they introduce any sprightly song and dance at the end of which the curtain falls*).

QUICK CURTAIN.

Monologues

MAN PROPOSES, BUT WOMAN DISPOSES. 15 cents. A sprightly and emotional Monologue by LAWRENCE D. FOGG, in which a young lady, on her birthday, endeavors by the guidance of letters and gifts from her numerous admirers, to decide on one of them for a husband. Her criticisms are witty and amusing, but she fails to make any selection. Why?—Because.

CONFESSIONS OF A MALE FLIRT. 15 cents. A monologue, by LAWRENCE D. FOGG, in which a bachelor, on the eve of his wedding, while burning his love correspondence, recalls to mind some of the girls with whom he has been in love, with his hopes, his successes, and his disappointments. A strange medley of humor and heart-burnings, ending with a pathetic climax. NOTE—At the end, while the performer's head is buried in his hands, a procession may pass slowly by, representing the girls he has been describing; similar in effect to the scenes in the "Reveries of a Bachelor."

SHOW AT WILKIN'S HALL, The. 15 cents. A comedy costume monologue for a lady, or gentleman in female costume, by BERTHA M. WILSON. A "Take-Off" on Delsarteans in 2 scenes; the second can be given without the first, being complete in itself. A sure hit.

WAKE AT O'GRADY'S, The. 15 cents. By WILLIAM SIDNEY HILLYER. A monologue for an Irish character comedian. Runs 15 minutes. Besides the "wake," *Mr. Dugan* tells all about the christening at McGuire's. Especially recommended.

CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN, A. 15 cents. By WILLIAM SIDNEY HILLYER. A character monologue for male comedian. Depicts the reminiscences and tribulations of "the palmy days" by one of "the old school." Runs about 15 minutes. Especially recommended.

Vaudeville Sketches

BERNSTEIN AND FIRESTEIN. 15 cents. A vaudeville sketch in Hebrew dialect for 2 male characters, by JAMES F. PARSONS. Time, about 15 minutes. Exceedingly funny both in ludicrous topics, Sheeney hits and droll repartee; concluding with the song "Oh, My! Von't We Make der Money!" for which the text and music are given.

TWO WANDERING JEWS. 15 cents. A vaudeville sketch in Hebrew dialect, for 2 male characters, by HARRY E. SHELLAND. Time, about 15 minutes. Full of funny and catchy dialogue and repartee, and ending with a song.

NEW CHAUFFEUR, The. 15 cents. A vaudeville automobile skit, for 2 male characters, by HARRY E. SHELLAND. Time, about 15 minutes. A Dutch brewer hires an ignorant Irishman for chauffeur. A terrible catastrophe and a racy dialogue in which *Pat* gets the better of the Dutchman. Just too funny and leading up to dialect minstrelsy.

MULDOON AND THE NIGGER; or, White and Black. 15 cents. A dialect vaudeville Sketch for two males, by H. E. SHELLAND. Muldoon, an Irish stage-manager, meets very suddenly Johnson, a darkey, whom he wished to engage as an actor in a Mephistopheles drama. After a lot of funny characteristic talk, they rehearse Johnson's part. After some ridiculous attempts at highfalutin tragedy, partly in very blank verse, Johnson collapses. They close with a song.

MA'S NEW BOARDERS. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by W. C. PARKER. 4 male, 4 female characters. *Mrs. Holdtight* leaves her boarding-house in her daughter's charge. *Prof. Alto-Gether* calls a rehearsal of the village choir, but gives them the wrong address. The choir turn up at *Mrs. H.'s* and are mistaken for new boarders. Then follows an uproarious series of incidents that end in the *Professor's* round-up. Can be played "straight," or with specialties. Excellent chance for single or double quartette. No scenery required. Time, 30 minutes.

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MA'S NEW BOARDERS. **15 cents.** A farcical sketch in 1 act, by W. C. PARKER. 4 male, 4 female characters. *Mrs. Holdtight* leaves her boarding-house in her daughter's charge. *Prof. Alto-Gether* calls a rehearsal of the village choir, but gives them the wrong address. The choir turn up at *Mrs. H.'s* and are mistaken for new boarders. Then follows an uproarious series of incidents that end in the *Professor's* round-up. Can be played "straight," or with specialties. Excellent chance for single or double quartette. No scenery required. Time, 30 minutes.

PAPA'S BULLDOG. **15 cents.** A farcical sketch in 1 act, by W. C. PARKER. 1 male, 1 female character. The hero tries to "coach" his sweetheart in some private theatricals. Her ignorance exasperates him so completely that a furious quarrel ensues. Unexpected consequences convince each that the other is crazy, and the fun is brought to a cyclonic climax by the intervention of Papa's bulldog. The piece can be played "straight," or specialties may be introduced. Time, 30 minutes. No scenery required.

AFTER THE BALL. **15 cents.** A vaudeville character sketch in 1 act, by HARRY E. SHELLAND. 1 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain interior. Time, 20 minutes or longer, according to specialties introduced. A bright dialogue between a youth and girl of the old Bowery pattern, with disjointed remarks and repartee while dancing the two-step, and affording opportunity for song and dance or other specialties.

POINT OF VIEW, The. **15 cents.** A sprightly comedy sketch, by BELL ELLIOTT PALMER. 1 male and 1 female character; time of representation, 20 minutes, in which *Elinor Jardine* tries to convince *Fred Winston*, to whom she is shortly to be married, that her conduct in regard to a former rejected suitor, although unconventional, is entirely justifiable. *Fred* confesses to a similar but pretended proceeding with another young lady. *Elinor's* jealousy is so aroused that she calls down the engagement. He then proves that his flirtation is assumed merely to convince her that her *point of view* is absurdly untenable, a fact which she is gladly compelled to admit. Reconciliation follows, of course. An illustration of the feminine "because" outwitted by masculine strategy.

PROFESSOR'S TRUANT GLOVES, The. **15 cents.** A comedy sketch, by BELL ELLIOTT PALMER. 1 male and 1 female character. Time of representation, 20 minutes. A charmingly elaborated duologue, showing how a young lady of extremely womanly discernment smooths the way to a declaration of love from a man unaccustomed to women's ways, and so terribly bashful and diffident, that he misinterprets all she says and does. A fetching example of womanly tact and diplomacy.

Entertainments and Novelties

YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 25 cents. An original, very humorous entertainment in one scene. By ELEANOR MAUD CRANE. Arranged for 4 male characters, consisting of the Schoolmaster and 3 members of the School Committee; 5 lady visitors, one of them having designs on the Schoolmaster, and 18 scholars, 9 being boys and 9 girls, more or less as circumstances demand, and exceedingly ludicrous if acted by grown-up persons dressed as children. The scene is an old-fashioned country schoolroom. The proceedings occupy two sessions; the morning session being devoted to examination of the classes, general exercises and a spelling bee. In the afternoon session are recitations, reading of essays and songs, distribution of prizes, and presentation of a testimonial to the Schoolmaster by the scholars.

IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 25 cents. A characteristic entertainment in 1 act and 1 scene, by ELEANOR MAUD CRANE. Introducing 15 male, 11 female characters, 4 or more youths and misses, a small band of musicians (real or fictitious) and 10 or 12 children. The number of characters may be made more or less to suit circumstances. The arrangement of the scene is quite simple. The action is thoroughly realistic and located in the waiting room of a Ferry, passengers arriving and departing, some of them being typical and eccentric characters in droll and perfectly natural combinations. Time of playing 1½ hours or more, there being ample scope for all sorts of specialties. Particularly recommended for Church and other Entertainments.

THE BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 25 cents. A complete entertainment in 1 scene, by ELEANOR MAUD CRANE. 30 (more or less) female, and 2 male characters (performed by females if preferred). An original and by far the most amusing conception of the kind, eminently suitable for Church, School and other Entertainments. It affords exceptional opportunities for incidental specialties, and elicits roars of laughter every minute. Can be presented on any platform with accessories of the simplest kind.

MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE, The. 25 cents. An eccentric entertainment in two acts, by N. H. PELHAM. 6 male, 9 female characters, also 6 children, 4 of them boys and 2 girls. Two interior scenes. Costumes, characteristic. Time, 2 hours. A widow lady and two daughters become suddenly destitute. A rich old man proposes to marry the elder daughter and support them all. The daughters run away and start a Matrimonial Exchange. Applicants arrive, consisting of a bankrupt nobleman, two wealthy females in search of a titled husband, a song and dance actor, an animal trainer, two actresses, a policeman, a wash-lady with four performing children, and an Irish widow. In addition to the comical situations, the introduction of specialties affords ample opportunity for the display of the capabilities of each applicant. Matters are finally arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned.

OLD PLANTATION NIGHT, An. 25 cents. A musical and dramatic entertainment for 4 male and 4 female characters, forming a double quartet. This is not a negro minstrel show, contains no boisterous jokes nor conundrums, and is without a vestige of "Tambo" or "Bones," or the conventional stage darkey. It is a simple but vivid representation of life "in de quarters," embellished with song and story illustrating some of the quaint superstitions and frolicsome merry-makings of the mellow-voiced race. Thoroughly bright throughout, the text is uncommonly well written, and the succession of incidents skilfully contrived, while its transitions from grave to gay are wonderfully effective. The scene, a simple interior, can be arranged on any platform; some old garments and a little discarded finery will suffice for the costumes; the "properties" are few and simple, and the music within the capacity of fairly good voices, such as any ordinary church choir contains.

WHILE MORTALS SLEEP. 25 cents. An original fairy operetta in 2 acts and 1 scene, by ROSAMOND TAYLOR, the music composed by CAROLYN TAYLOR. 14 boys, 20 girls, or as many more as circumstances permit. The scene in both acts is in the woods, where the fairies gather at twilight. It includes a drill waltz with graceful figures and poses arranged for 4, 6, or 8 girls, and 10 appropriate and catchy songs with music and accompaniment complete, and introduces in an original way some of Mother Goose's characters, Santa Claus, etc., as invited guests.

MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents)	11	8

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COMEDIES AND DR

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	4	3

WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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